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32 PAGES TODAY.

THE PRESIDENT'S HARTFORD SPEECH.

The president's Hartford speech is remarkable chiefly for its plainness of expression.

In listening to it or reading it one would think that he is a secretary for foreign affairs instead of the president of the United States.

Now, while Mr. Roosevelt in the exordium of his speech admits our "internal problems are most important," and "keeping our household straight is our first duty," concerning these internal problems and our domestic housekeeping he says not one word, but goes around the world in a two hours' stump speech, touching at Porto Rico, Cuba and the Philippines, and firing salvoes of loud artillery in honor of his own administration at every port.

Now, while as Christian men we recognize our duty to the Porto Ricans, the Cubans, the Filipinos, we are not consumed with Mr. Roosevelt's passion for islanders, but consider first our American fellow-citizens.

Good government, like charity, begins at home.

Here at home we have the policy of protection which is charged to have resulted in a tariff law that oppresses the people and plunders them for the benefit of a small clique. The Englishman or Russian, the Frenchman, Turk or Prussian buys American goods cheaper than an American can, as the tariff keeps up home prices of home goods higher than they are abroad. We have the trusts at home, which take tribute of us, merge our money, and combine to corner our cash. Not only have we suffered from an epidemic of strikes, but the clerks and armies of employees, the professional men, the small merchants and tradesmen, the laboring men who have not formed unions, who do not go upon strikes, have been caught like flies in the spider's webs of the trusts with which network the entire country is overspread to be devoured at leisure. The limit of prices under the method of monopoly is not restricted. How much we shall pay for the necessities of life is fixed by the grace of the greedy. The people are oppressed. The rich grow richer at the expense of everyone of us. From every part of the country has come up the cry for relief. And the thoughtful men of the country are considering measures by which that relief may best be afforded.

What says the president?

He talks to us of islanders. He points with pride to Porto Rico, contemplates Cuba with complacency, and plumes himself upon his plans for the Philippines. It matters not to the president that the beef trust lays its greedy grip upon the purse of the poor, that the coal trust will cause untold suffering during the coming winter, that we pay fancy prices for everything we eat and wear and even for the building materials for our houses, that we are threatened with a deficit of \$75,000,000 in our national treasury. What does the president care? All is well in the islands. Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines are basking in the bright sun and are cooled by the pleasant winds of prosperity.

Truly, if all the president says he has done for the islanders is true, they have cause to be deeply grateful to him. But what has he done for the Americans?

THE FOUNDATION STONE OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

The retention of the Philippine islands has caused the loss of the lives of many American soldiers and the expenditure of a tremendous treasure. The cost in conscience and in the reputation of this country has been incalculable.

But the Philippine question has been vigorously and continuously debated in congress, in the press and by the man in the street from Maine to Mexico. And while it is impossible to say that the profit exceeds or even balances the loss, there is this much profit in the business, that it has taught our statesmen and our people to consider what our government is and why.

Of paramount importance to a people is the form of government under which they live. It moulds their character and influences their development to an extent which is rarely considered in ordinary philosophy. The intimate relation between the people and the government is close indeed. If the one be bad, the other grows worse. The government and the people that are not free are inferior, and the amount of freedom is the measure of excellence. And the reason of this is plain. It is that oppression injures the character of a people who bear it. Besides this, freedom means freedom to grow and develop along all the lines of virtue, prosperity and progress.

Now, the government of the United States is a free government established by themselves over themselves by a free people. The government's beginning and its continuance, the extent of its powers, and the manner of its exercise of these powers rest entirely upon consent and no whit upon force. Those amongst us who do not understand our institutions or our

history point the finger of scorn at the record of our civil war, the result of which was to coerce the people of eleven Southern States to remain in the Union against their will. It has been said more than once that this commits our government to the policy of force and is a precedent for the conquest of the Philippines, and of any other countries over which we may find it expedient to throw our imperial shadow.

Strong evidence is to be found in the fact that the war was fought upon the people of the North to the liberation of the South in the '60s was the existence of slavery in this section. It is a commonplace that without slavery there would have been no war. And the fact that the war overthrew slavery, and not freedom, is shown by the emancipation proclamation being carried out by the constitution of the Southern States and civil liberty in the South being left in all its original integrity, not even secession being prohibited by the constitution of any State or of the United States.

Therefore, the truth enunciated by Abraham Lincoln still holds, and is still the cardinal American doctrine, that "No man is good enough to govern another man without that man's consent." As long as Americans keep fast hold of this principle, the freedom and the future of this country is assured. If we pull out this keystone of the structure of American liberty we will bring it down in destruction, and in the ruin of our republic will present to the world the wreck of man's noblest work, the overthrow of the hope of the people of the world, the horror of history.

WHEAT GROWING IN AMERICA.

The importance of wheat farming in the United States, in the Northwestern part of which the last of the crop is now being harvested, is yearly increasing. The United States produces more wheat than any other country. It is the granary of the world. One-fifth of the crop of the world is grown in this country. Our crop is far larger than that of any other nation, Russia and France being second and third, respectively, although far behind us.

The wheat growing in this country is being extended into the farther Northwest, into Northern Minnesota and the Dakotas, and even across the line into Manitoba, where American wheat farmers are settling in increasing numbers. It seems probable that the wheat fields of Canada will soon be in the control of Americans.

The crop is a Western crop. Of the something more than 500,000,000 bushels produced in the United States in 1900, 349,000,000 came from the prairie of the Mississippi and Missouri valleys. Kansas alone produced more than all the New England and Middle States combined.

The importance of wheat farming to Texas lies not alone in the 23,000,000 bushels which was the State's crop in round numbers in 1900, but in the fact that Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri export wheat across the Gulf ports, Galveston, New Orleans and Port Arthur. Yearly the amount of wheat exported through these ports is increasing. When the Buffalo bayou ship channel is made, as it soon will be, Houston will get its share of this trade.

One-third of our annual product is sent abroad in the raw state, to say nothing of the exports of flour. The mills are being built in the heart of the wheat country so that the ports that get the wheat exports will get the flour exports, too. Both wheat growing and the making of wheat flour in this country are prospering and increasing rapidly.

Scientists have succeeded in putting a split stick on the pistol's muzzle, and having examined his teeth, claim that he is merely the bloodthirsty bacillus in embryo. The only way to cure the person with the pistol habit is to take all of his money away from him and give him violent exercise as a rock pile. This remedy has been tried in several cases lately and is proving very successful.

More tin for the tinners!

LUTHERANS have about the same brand of harmony in the ranks of her republicans as Texas has. Roosevelt wants republicans in every State who will fight for the machine and not for pie. The idea of a republican so far forgetting himself!

Uncle Russell is "dead again" trusts.

It is said that when the shah visited the Maxim works he was permitted to shoot the shots from one of the guns. He now believes that old maxims are not in it with modern Maxims.

The democrats ought to get something out of Delaware this fall.

They say that Roosevelt is both strenuous and original. Certainly he is the latter—he is the first president of the United States to travel around the country to make stump speeches.

Crescens is a swift equine, but he can't keep up with the automobile.

The shah is giving King Ed some entirely new ideas on dress, and when he has got his entire harness on he looks like a 10-cent store on parade.

The bulging coat of the pistol toter points the officer his road to duty.

Mrs. CHANCEY DEWEY has sailed for home, bringing several new dresses and her husband with her.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

That brazen old political harlot, The Houston Post, has broken out in a fresh place in its advocacy of Bryan and his platform of 1896 and 1900. If any State on earth ever needed a democratic daily newspaper, that State certainly is Texas. From their continued efforts to dig the ditch between the democrats deeper, it would appear that Mr. Bryan and The Post might be in the employ of the republican party.—Texas World.

The Post might retaliate in the matter of epithet by referring to the above publication as a blatherskite of the first water, and tell the truth, but it won't. The Post does not flinch from criticism, even though it come from a mule; but here is what another newspaper, the Burnet Bulletin, says on the same subject:

The Bulletin invites the attention of the daily papers of the State, more especially the Austin Statesman, to a clipping from The Houston Post, entitled, "Mr. Bryan and His Critics." All sensible people, who read the papers, know that an unjust and unkind war is being made upon Mr. Bryan by renegade democrats, who will not vote the ticket unless it exactly coincides with the views they entertain (if they have any), and who for the past six months have cried from the streets and house-tops that Mr. Bryan was emphasizing his selfishness by perhaps the semblance of truth. For years the people of Texas have been aware of the fact that the old reliable Houston Post is the only real leading democratic daily in the State, and it is honored and held in high esteem by the citizens of every hamlet in the State. Long may it live.

The Manchester (N. H.) Union says: "If cotton manufacturers North and South insist upon the retention of the tariff for the benefit of their employees, why do they not allow the employees, especially those in the South, to profit by the protection. Because the dividend is the important thing. It is that, and not the mill worker, which the tariff

is intended to protect. As far as the Northern mills are concerned, there can be but little difference between competing with cheap foreign labor and competing with cheap Southern labor. If there is money for the Northern mill in competing with the latter (and there must be, or they would close) there would be money for both in competing with foreign labor, and, with the duty removed, the consumers of cotton goods would benefit. Judging from the dividends paid to stockholders in some of the Northern mills in the face of competition with the South, they could successfully compete with foreign labor, should the duty on cotton manufactures be removed; and should such removal result in the reduction of the selling price of their goods they would not be utterly ruined; there would still be left a reasonable profit."

It looks like the old lie, nailed a time or two by Charles F. Crisp, Jr., that Mr. Bryan voted against Charles F. Crisp for speaker of the house of representatives because the latter was a Southern soldier, should be abandoned by the Nebraska's critics. It has been shown to be false a dozen times, and yet it is hauled out and made to do duty when nothing better is in sight. Alfred Henry Lewis knows he is shattering Mr. Bryan when he makes the charge.—Chattanooga News.

You can't, adds the Memphis News, kill a lie like this by merely nailing it a few dozen times. It is a veritable Wandering Jew that tramps up and down the earth until such time as all fancied need of it is past. You might bury it and pile Lookout mountain upon it and yet it would be dug up by some slanderous ghoul and its chattering skeleton paraded on the hustings for the lack of a real live truth to use against Bryan.

Discussing the decadence of statehood, with special reference to South Carolina, the New York Evening Post, after asserting that the standard in that State has been greatly lowered within the last fifteen years, adds:

It is pathetic to contrast the intellectual caliber of men like Evans and Ashbury Latimer with those who have represented this great State in the senate in the past. The first senators from South Carolina under the constitution were Pierce Butler and Ralph Izard. The latter list includes Charles Pickney, Thomas Sumter, Robert Y. Hayne, John Ewing Calhoun, John C. Calhoun, John Gaillard, William C. Calhoun, James Pickens, Wm. Hampton and General Matthew C. Butler. It is doubtful if any State in the South, or indeed, many in the Union, have been represented by men who have made a more distinct mark in the history of the country than those of South Carolina. Webster was speaking within bounds of accuracy when he said of her statesmen: "I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions—Americans."

To which the Charleston News and Courier adds: "We need not discuss the subject at any length. The Post will note, however, that the country and the senate have changed, too, very materially, since the days of the Rutledges, Pinckneys and the rest. We are only trying down this way to adapt ourselves loyally to the altered national conditions. Think how lonesome and out of place a Pinckney, or a Calhoun, or a Webster, would feel in Washington nowadays."

The esteemed Houston Post says the people of this country are groaning under the burdens of the tariff and it would not be surprising if The Post should pretty soon begin to "view with alarm."—San Antonio Express.

The Express has advocated the republican policy of protection so long and so faithfully that it is hardly a competent witness in this instance.

EXCHANGE INTERVIEWS.

An undertaker in Fort Scott has just installed a fine brass casketing \$1000. Mr. Bryan voted for it. It is to be used except on the seat beside the driver.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.

Anybody would kick before riding in a hearse.

Republicans of Texas are trying to "get together."—Floresville Chronicle.

If they get together much harder they will soon require some one to separate them.

The man with shooting irons upon his person is in continual evidence in these times of supposed peace, and he gets his victim nearly every day. He is not the "bad man of old," for public opinion will not permit a fellow to operate a cemetery on his own account, but the trouble in Texas just now is, that there is entirely too many of him. Dallas has distinguished herself, near day yesterday, Fort Worth, Waco and San Antonio and all intermediate points and cross roads places have their turn. It is about time Texas quelled this continually rising tide of red-handed murder.—Laredo Times.

The man with shooting irons upon his person has really got to go; the people have spoken and "Ten Populi, vox Dei." He takes life too easy.

Hiram Townsend was locked up forty-eight hours in a Houston jail. Now the theory of that city has a \$12,000 damage suit pending against him.—Tomball Bulletin.

That certainly seems high for Hi.

A Beaumont man has patented a non-refillable bottle and doubtless will, if his invention is practical, make a fortune from it. But what the great be-wildered years for is a bottle that can be refilled.—Northern Item.

The idea of a Beaumont man inventing a thing of that nature!

The president may have to forego his Western trip for the sake of what he deems public duty to his country. He has his enemies to squelch and Cuban reciprocity to look after.—Sherman Democrat.

Teddy considers it his duty to his country to stay East and spifficate Uncle Mark.

Alger has been in a great many places of trust, has always been a stalwart republican and always in hot water. He had better stay out.—San Antonio Light.

Coming from a republican paper it appears as if that utterance may have been inspired.

If a man fools you once, it is his fault. If he fools you a second time, it is your fault.—Gatesville Messenger.

And if he fools you a third time, it is doubtless because you are built that way and just naturally can't help it.

The annual editorial advice to the farmer to place "only a certain proportion of his cotton crop on the market each week" is again occupying space in the newspapers—and that's about all it does.—Corpus Christi Sun.

It's good advice, however.

Reports come from the summer resorts which say that each is well patronized this year. The summer girl has evidently had a democratic day.—Yonkers Herald.

And this fall will start a very remunerative season for the manufacturers of freckle lotions.

And Yet He Was a Good Man When Himself.

(From the New York Journal.)

A man walked into his home—a big, strong man physically—and when his wife met him he knocked her down. She fled shrieking into an inner room and locked the door.

Mary, the man's daughter, a little thing 5 years old, fell to her knees and clung to him and cried out, sobbing: "Don't kill mamma, papa!"

He patted her head and told her to get her brother Edward. Edward, a boy of 6, came.

The man drew a revolver and shot his two weeping and trembling children. Then he blew his own brains out.

"He was a good man," said the wife to the police, her face all torn and blackened by his blows. "He was a good man, and he never treated me badly before."

What suddenly transformed this usually good husband and kind father into a ferocious demon, a murdering wild beast?

DRINK.

He was Frederick Dietricher, a driver for the health department. He had paid out the hard earned money that should have gone to his family that he might become a slaughtering lunatic. Insanity by the bottle, by the glass, may be as readily purchased as are matches to start fires with.

Some men, many men, can play with alcohol. They can warm themselves with it as they do at the genial heat of a grate.

But to such as Dietricher a glass of whiskey is like a match to a heap of hay—it starts a conflagration.

No man who gets drunk when he drinks has any right to touch liquor.

He voluntarily makes himself insane, and no deed, how-

ever terrible, is impossible to a maniac. His judgment and moral sense are both put to sleep.

Let drink alone, young man. It has never helped any man, and it has ruined and is ruining millions in mind and body and pocket. It turns kind men into cruel men, loving husbands into wife-beaters, fond fathers into slayers of their children.

Look at Dietricher. See what whisky did for him and his. That one horror should be enough to shock countless thousands of tipplers into total abstinence for the rest of their lives.

"He was a good man"—when sober. Drunk a devil.

POLITICS OF THE COUNTRY.

New York democratic politicians insist that their State convention will be a free-for-all affair, so far as the nomination for governor is concerned. Every delegate is to have a hand in the choice of the various candidates to be named. The result of the convention, it is predicted, will not be known until the proceedings end. Several ballots are expected before the gubernatorial candidate is named.

Ex-Governor "Bob" Taylor of Tennessee is to move his residence from Knoxville to Nashville. It is said that he believes this change will further his senatorial aspirations. He will not be a candidate against Senator Hatcher, but he proposes to gather his forces around him for the fight when a vacancy occurs.

The democratic congressional committee of the Second Tennessee district will be called to meet in Knoxville on August 23 to make arrangements for the nomination of a candidate for congress on the democratic ticket. The democrats in the district are very anxious to name some one in republican representative. It is conceded on all sides that Hon. Harvey A. Hanna will be the democratic candidate. He is the only man who has sought the place. He will ask a joint canvass of the district with Captain Gibson, which will be granted. The district is overwhelmingly republican. Captain Gibson's majority in the last election having been about 13,000.

A very large number of Federal officials are interested in the proposed reorganization of the republican party in Alabama. Joseph C. Manning, who is prominent in the movement, is postmaster at Alexander City, while others who are coming to the front are Colonel M. D. Wickersham, United States district attorney; P. D. Barker, postmaster of Mobile; Julian Bingham, collector of internal revenue, and W. W. Milliken, postmaster at Dothan. Mr. Manning says that there is no republican organization in Alabama at present, as the people who were prominent in republican politics in the State heretofore have been disfranchised. "The party," he says, "is now in the hands of native white Alabamians, who have the interests of the State at heart, and do not desire to hold office."

Representative Littauer, who is now in congress from the Twenty-second district, of New York, has, under the reappointment, been thrown into the same district with Representative Louis W. Emerson and John K. Stewart, both of whom want to come back to congress, and a deadlock is the result. President Roosevelt and Governor Odell want Littauer reappointed on the ground of personal friendship, but Senator Platt is against him. There is talk of a compromise candidate, but if the three congressmen insist upon staying in the race, the probability is that a convention will be held, and each of the trio will have himself nominated by petition. With three republican candidates in the field, each with a loyal following, the election of a democrat would be assured.

Governor William A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, who used to be in congress, says that he has done with politics. "It doesn't pay," he says in an interview, "and I would not accept another office if it were tendered me. I've been taking an active part in politics for about twenty-two years, but now I've had my fill of office-holding. I am leaving politics by no means a wealthy man, though with the aid of my law practice I have been placed in good circumstances."

"My public life has been productive of much hardship for me and the making of many enemies, though it has also brought me some good friends. The man in the governor's chair is made the helpless butt of all sorts of abuse and criticism, and of these I have had my share. Indeed, a man less hardy or more timid might have grown discouraged and ill if put in my place, but I never lost any meals or sleep."

The South's Progress.

Philadelphia Record.

Some figures of Southern advancement collected by the Manufacturers' Record from census bulletins present a striking and significant record of material progress during two recent decades. It is shown that from 1880 to 1900 the value of products in the Southern States increased, in round numbers, from \$1,145,000,000 to \$2,845,000,000—a ratio of 149 per cent. while population increased but 44 per cent. Farm property increased in value 72 per cent. while farm products increased 92 per cent. The fertile areas whence are drawn the semi-tropical products of world consumption no longer serve as mere storehouses of unutilized supplies of raw materials. Cheap transportation by land and water; enormous increase of production under intensive modern methods; inventive genius as applied to machinery; the presence of a docile and teachable laboring element—these and other scarcely less potent considerations have combined to attract large amounts of new capital for investment in Southern manufacturing enterprises. In 1880 the manufactured products of the South were worth, in round numbers, \$457,000,000; in 1900 they are stated at \$1,464,000,000. During the twenty years in question the rate of increase in capital invested in manufactures in the South has been 148 per cent. For the entire United States the rate has been but 93 per cent. Similarly, the value of products in the South increased 120 per cent. in the United States 142 per cent. These are amazing comparisons, yet they only set forth mathematically the results of a movement of industrial and commercial regeneration and advancement that is none the less noteworthy and impressive because it has taken place under our very eyes and in our own time. And the New South is scarcely out of swaddling clothes as yet.

The Bald-Headed Man.

London Pall Mall Gazette.

We have never understood the popular sentiment which regards a head free from hair as a disgraceful or ridiculous object. That the sentiment is as old as it is widespread is shown by the story of Elisha and the mocking boys. The sentiment is also shared by the public prosecutor at Crawco. There is a club of bald-headed men in that city, and they asked Archdeacon Charles Stephen to become their honorary president; the public prosecutor heard of their appeal, and for an insult to one of the royal family. We are glad to say that the archdeacon intervened, and the case was quashed. That officious public prosecutor must hold similar views to those of a comrade in long-age Spain, who regarded it as an indecency to suggest that the queen of Spain had legs. Meanwhile, we look forward to the time when a smooth, clean pate shall be as honorable and fashionable as a clean-shaven face is now.

Discovery of California Gold.

Washington Post.

A student poring over an old book of voyages in the library of congress learned that gold was discovered in nearly a century and a quarter before the "days of old, the days of gold, and the days of 1849." One Captain George Shelocoe, a navigator, published in 1726 an account of a gold field of California, but his book had little circulation, and his discovery passed without credit. Other possessed themselves of what is now the whole Pacific coast of the United States. Another interesting paragraph was found in "Niles' Register," published in Baltimore November 5, 1825, clipped from and credited to "a London microscope that the morbid secretions in the human subject, known as the pus of consumption, and of cancer, etc., are the 'bacillus tuberculosis' discovery of Dr. Koch in 1882.

The Progress of Hanna.

Jacksonville Times-Union.

Senator Hanna speaks so often and so earnestly on labor topics that he may soon grow into a walking delegate.

TAMPERING WITH TRIFLES.

By J. M. Lewis.

TO THE HOUSTON POST POET.

Sweet and low I've heard you croon
Of Nature's charms in days of June,
Of poor Will's song, and mockbird's lay,
And brooks that babble the livelong day,
Of winds that sigh through whispering trees,
Sunlight glinting the tremulous leaves.

Of childhood's joys, its broken toys,
Barefoot merry-hearted boys;
Of youth's bright dreams and man's estate,
Of truth, and hope, and love, and hate,
Of providence, destiny, and blind fate—
For all a flower you have save desolate
Old age. You can no word of comfort bring
When lights are dim, and low, we can not sing—
With broken pinions can not soar—
"Oh, death in life the days that are no more."
Mrs. A. D. McConville, Bryan, Texas.

GROWING OLD.

Nay? Can I not? Myself am growing old,
Thick shot with silver are the locks of gold,
And half at least of my life's tale is told;
Yet do the branches rustle in the wood;
Green are the slopes where erst in youth we stood;
The past was good, the future's more than good.

We're growing old, indeed; thank God we are!
A future waits for us when wending far,
Each soul shall find its own, its natal star;
Congenial spirits, long time gone before,
Will crowd to meet us on that farther shore,
Them shall we greet and part from them no more.

We're growing old; sweet restitution there
Awaits with all that this life deemeth fair,
And waits to take from us our garb of care;
There wait the green-clad slopes of yesterday,
The babbling brook near which we used to play;
Each grows the nearer farther it's away.

Yet lives the tune the whippoorwill erst sang;
The forests murmur as when we were young;
New grapevine swings replace the ones that swung
In our young days; all joys we've laid aside,
When work is done we'll find them, wonder-eyed,
Tears that now dim our eyes shall then be dried.

Thank God it's old: is our soul's chrysalis;
The coming life holds joys unknown to this;
Our sleeping time will be so brief one kiss
Will serve this life's good bye and greeting there,
With souls which trod long since the road we fare,
Thank God we're growing old! Good bye to care!

Good bye to care our soul-husk sinks to rest
With tired hands crossed pulseless on its breast;
"God giveth his beloved sleep!" 'tis best;
We shall be born again from out the tomb;
Revivified shall smell each sweet perfume;
Hold in our hands each youth beloved bloom!

From tottering age to everlasting youth!
Pecans of joy for this year-sadden rutil!
For life's deceptions God's own glorious truth!
No more the carking ways of age to tread;
No more the rock-strown ways our feet have trod;
Oh, life in death! the promises of God!

"Are you going to the Bon Ton's party tomorrow night?" asked Harduppe of his wife.
"No!" replied Mrs. H., cuttingly. "How can I who have nothing to wear?"
"That is about all you'll need," responded he; "the 'be' are to appear in evening dress."

MADE HIM HAPPY.

Him of the poor man's brood;
She just a giddy flirt;
And she couldn't build a shaluit,
And she couldn't build a shaluit;
And she worked him to a finish,
Spent his last enduring cent,
Then she went home to her mother
And—
The man
Was glad!
She went.

"What are you crying about, Ethel?"
"Boo-hoo! I fell down and hit my funny bone!"
"I declare, wife, that child gets more like you every day she seems wholly devoid of any sense of humor."

TUNE UP.

Still they're ragtime in my feet!
Still this life is mighty sweet!
This old world is hard to beat!
Let's us sing!

If you've got a grouch on you,
Don't git others